

DAILY UNION
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Some of our illustrious citizens sadly miss those good old cost-plus days.

Mr. Oliver Lodge might tell us what the Pilgrims think of a 475 centenary celebration.

Ventures in is nice. Some thought he was in bed.

An orgy of spending is followed by a bacchanalia of economizing.

Window shades are down 25 per cent, but our Peeping Toms are not discouraged.

St. Louis produced 101,000,000 pretzels in the fiscal year just closed, only a few less than the threefold output.

Perhaps Harding is reserving his comments on Texas weather for the first cabinet meeting.

"There's a sucker born every minute." Sometimes we think the suckers make this world worth living in.

Secretary Colby is in South America. Why is it these diplomats never find it necessary to make a junket to Greenland?

People who defer their Christmas shopping are always disappointed. So are those for whom the Christmas things are bought.

Pays to Be Pleasant.

The Chicago Tribune yesterday sent a reporter forth with \$50 with instructions to present the money to the most polite person he encountered in his day's travels. And who do you suppose drew the prize? A policeman, a big rough-looking fellow who wields a club and blows a whistle at one of the busiest corners in the loop district. The reporter had met and spoken to numbers of people during the day, some of them women, and nearly all of them had cut him short in answers they had given to questions he put to them. He accidentally bumped into a woman in a crowded street and she turned on him and bawled him out even after he had asked her pardon. In different buildings he was cut short by elevator operators. He had about come to the conclusion that there were no polite people in the business section of the city when he decided to try out the big policeman. The officer was handling great crowds. It was one of the

most polite in the day for the moment, but when the reporter asked him for directions to a certain location he looked at him suspiciously and sharply explained to him. The reporter mentioned a fictitious address, purposely to annoy the officer, but his apparent ignorance, instead of nettling the policeman, won his sympathy and assistance. Of course the officer was surprised when he was handed over the \$50. He said that he had found that it didn't cost any more effort to be polite and helpful than it did to be cross and unaccommodating. An officer standing for hours at a busy crossing has much to brush him in the wrong way, and if he can maintain his temper and keep sweet throughout the day there is no excuse for other humans whose pathway is less bothersome getting snippy when they are civilly addressed by others. It pays to be pleasant.

Fine Day for a Ride.

If nothing more comes of the fight with the Tri-City Railway company on the other side of the river, the city administration and its supporters will have grounds for the boast that they had the satisfaction of seeing officials of a powerful corporation ride in a patrol wagon. The hurry-up carriage was piloted to the offices of the railway company in Davenport yesterday morning and the accused officials and employees herded into the conveyance by policemen and given a free ride to the court where the hearing of the charges of violating city ordinances was held. It was a fine morning, and seemingly the prisoners enjoyed the dash into the air that they were given and had the further satisfaction of not having the driver collect from them at the end of the journey.

Most people can't see anything but grandstanding in the present program of the Davenport city administration. While technically the administration is acting within its rights in enforcing a city ordinance governing street car service, there are extenuating circumstances, and the municipality is forcing a situation that eventually will prove the idiosyncrasy of its attitude.

Keeping Sunday.

Agitation for a stricter observance of Sunday is a natural result of the war. After every great human struggle, the spirit asserts itself. Throughout the war, spiritual values counted for more than shot and shell. When peace came, people returned to materialism with all the impetus of their new freedom from the conflict. Now, however, the reaction from the hard egotism of material competition, intensified by war hatreds, has begun. The Sunday observance movement is the result.

If it is controlled by narrow-minded adherents of blue laws the agitation will fail. But, if enlightened and inspired leaders lead their way carefully, they will win. It would be a national calamity if American Sundays became no more than periods of recuperation for an intensified struggle for gold in the week to come. Civilizations controlled by like purposes have always fallen and are now buried in the dust. Man does not live by bread alone. Compulsory church attendance and obligatory religious observances are not needed to enforce a spiritual respect for Sunday. They would have the opposite effect. But, Sunday should be more than a holiday. It can be made to rest the body and yet give an ever needed reminder that the body is not all. Man craves an appeal to the spiritual. The world is ripe for a new statement of old spiritual problems, with modern answers. Nothing interests a group of intelligent persons more than a discussion of spirit. Perhaps, therefore, the present low esteem of Sunday is not due to the laymen at all. Perhaps reform should start within the churches. The pulpit appeals may be at fault. They may carry the wrong messages. The priestcraft, whose responsibilities are so great, must examine within as well as without. Let the right solution be found and America will respond.



HERE LIES MANS ANCESTRY, CALL CARE, WHO DISINTERS THE UNLOVED CUSSES, BEWARE!

THE COUNTRY EDITOR.

(Dedicated to my friend, E. L. and all his clan) This nation boasts a lot of famous papers. That print the news—and do it every day. They're successful, enterprising, full of costly advertising.

They know just how to make a paper pay. They hire a flock of high-priced special writers who go around the "fourth estate" in par. But for all their clever capers all these classy city papers Don't shine as does the Dogtown Weekly Star.

The daily paper in an institution That has its place within our scheme of things; Though we often criticize it, still we very greatly prize it. We're grateful for the messages it brings. We think that we must have our morning papers And when they're late we kidnap quite a fuss; But in spite of their attraction they don't give the satisfaction The Dogtown Weekly Bugle brings to us.

Lift high the brow! Let's pay a little tribute To the country editor—God bless his heart! He's a persevering devil and he's mostly on the level— An honest man who plays an honest part! We won't knock the big town daily papers But after everything is said and done, Though, of course, we'll never ban 'em it's a cinch we never scan 'em As we always do the Dogtown Weekly Sun!

The telegraph editor reports the discovery of an anesthetic—"with relatively no danger and pleasant to take"—which is used by the simple soviets in Petrograd hospitals with "no nausea or ill effects—not one case of death reported." The name of the discovery is "methylpropylcarbonyl." We hope he never feels the urge to use it on a headline. The composing room doubtless would find it nauseating.

What's the Idea, John! What's the Idea, George!

(From the DeWitt, S. D., News.) Cards have been received here. John Lark, formerly of this city; to George Palmer, at Minneapolis, take place on the 23rd and they will be at home after Jan. 15, at 3022 Eleventh avenue, south.

"PETE" JOHNSON. One of the dark but twinkling stars of the grotto minstrels, wishes to advise the world through this column that he has christened the recent duplicate delivery at his home the "Grotto Gold Dust Twins." The audience should rise and congratulate him tonight; he will expect it.

Argus Information Bureau

(See under each heading in any column for the Argus Bureau, 1234 Main St., New York, N. Y., for full and complete information on all matters of interest. All inquiries are handled, the Argus Bureau being directed to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. With the mighty forest that we have, why is there so much talk of lumber scarcity? A. M. C. A. The department of agriculture says that the crisis of timber depletion is the exhaustion, or partial exhaustion, of the forest that are most available to the bulk of the population of the country. One-half of the lumber remaining in continental United States is in three states, bordering on the Pacific ocean.

Q. What is meant by macaroni verse? A. T. T. B. A. This is a kind of humorous verse in which Latin and a base of words of other languages are introduced using Latin inflections and constructions. The term was selected since it implies a mixture of languages—comparable with the mixture of ingredients found in a dish of macaroni. The name is sometimes applied to verses which are merely a mixture of Latin and the unadulterated vernacular of the writer. This style of verse has long been known in Italy.

Q. How many presidents have been married twice? A. R. G. A. Five of our presidents have married twice—Presidents Tyler, Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison, Roosevelt and Wilson. Two presidents married during their terms of office, these being Grover Cleveland and Woodrow Wilson.

Q. You say that a United States army regulation prohibits American soldiers wearing the Sam Brown belt. Yet I note that all pictures of General Pershing show him wearing this belt. Please explain. A. M. A. R. The war department says the official regulation to which you refer does not affect United States army officers with the rank of "general." Such officers are allowed the right to prescribe their own uniforms and those of the members of their immediate staffs.

Q. What is the meaning of Sephardim? A. W. T. T. A. Jews who are descendants of the former Jews of Spain and Portugal are classed as Sephardim. They are darker in complexion than those native to northern countries, and usually have more delicate features.

Q. Do battleships carry a supply of drinking water or do they use sea water? A. J. A. A. The navy department says that battleships use sea water, the water being distilled for drinking.

Q. When was the Carnegie fund created? A. H. R. S. A. The Carnegie fund, the amount being five million dollars, was created by Andrew Carnegie in April, 1914, for the benefit of those losing their lives in heroic efforts to save their fellow men, or for the heroes themselves, if injured only.

Q. How did Kansas get its name? A. K. D. A. The name was taken from that of an Indian tribe, who called themselves Kanze, a word said to refer to the wind.

Q. Has a person more than one jugular vein? A. I. M. L. A. There are two jugular veins on each side of the neck. The external jugular veins are joining beneath the skin and ascend blood from the external portions of the head and

Frederic Haskin's Letter

(Editorial Column of The Argus.)
A Blow to Chivalry.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 2.—Is the system of formal courtesy with which men treat women a sign of respect or of scorn? Does it put women on a pedestal, or brand her an inferior?

These questions are just now the subject of a good deal of debate among advanced feminists, and it is even possible that some pronouncement on the subject may be made by a leading woman's organization.

No longer is it safe for a man to indiscriminately lift his hat to a woman. That is, not if she happens to be a feminist, of the most advanced school.

The radicals say that hat tipping, far from signifying respect, means simply that the man regards woman as a weak and helpless creature. They dig back into the romantic days of chivalry and produce data showing that the bold, brave knights used to remove their heavy helmets in the presence of anyone who was to be trusted or harmless. Women came in this second group. There may have been other reasons why the knights made a lady's presence a regular excuse to dispense with their head cages. Probably the weight made their heads ache. Probably, too, they liked their feminine friends to see their noble features. But the big idea, whether they were conscious of it at all times or not, was that woman was a thing apart and not to be taken seriously.

The same principle, according to the feminists, has come down to us in other bits of gallantry which in their true meaning project woman's inferiority. This is true of a man walking on the outside of the pavement to guard a woman companion against any danger from the street, and also of a man rising to give a woman a seat in a street car.

The first is obviously an act of protection, based on the idea of woman's fragility. Regarding street car conduct there is some controversy. The advance guard of feminism finds that when a man rises in a public place to resign his seat to a woman, he is making a special concession to her sex, especially her frailty. If the woman is able-bodied the insinuation is not exactly a compliment. Therefore, they say, the pantomime of exchanging positions on a street car can be eliminated and social intercourse will be one step nearer an honest, sensible basis.

Formality Versus Consideration.

Most of the women, however, even those who prefer not to accept favors from men when offered on a basis of special consideration for their sex, agree that very often a man is to be applauded for giving up his seat to someone else. Common politeness—not offensive chivalry—demands that an old person of either sex, a woman with a baby, a cripple or a sick person, should be seated in a street car or waiting room. Some concede that a man can surrender his seat to a woman and descend and ascend without implying that she is a mere doll to be handled with care. And, of course, some women say that they like to see a man show consideration for them, whatever it implies.

Ancient ideas of woman's place in society still guide us when it comes to many social formalities. In some places it is still held the correct thing for a man to precede a woman upstairs and descend after her. The origin of this is obscure, but we have been told that it could probably be traced to the time when women wore hoop skirts. This fashion, combined with the polite idea of the time that a woman had no legs, would make it proper for a man to conduct himself so that the illusion might remain unshattered. If he descended first, and stood awaiting his fair companion below, either the style in clothing or in decorum would have had to change. Nowadays, when women's skirts are knee length and street car steps two feet high, the precaution of a man preceding a woman up a flight of steps is obviously out of date. Recently convention has changed somewhat to allow a man to follow the woman both up and downstairs.

Another threadbare convention is for the women at a dinner party to adjourn to the parlors, leaving the men to smoke and talk in the dining room. This procedure started at medieval banquets when every body, men and women alike, crammed to the neck on as many kinds of food as the host could pile on an overlaid board. After dinner the damsels retired and their lords proceeded to drink themselves to sleep under the table. This dinner party etiquette, which was still justified until recently by the fact

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

OVER THE FENCE.
By Evelyn B. Whitmore.
(Copyright, 1920, by Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

When Miss Agatha Hille had reached her 30th year and her mother's death had left her alone in the world, she had closed the Hille mansion and departed for an extended journey through Europe. Her business affairs had been left in the competent hands of Stephen Wray, a persistent but unsuccessful author of 10 years' standing, with orders to manage things as he deemed best.

One of the things he evidently deemed best was to lease a huge building belonging to the estate for an orphan's home. This building, which seemed admirably suited for an institution of that sort, was separated from the Hille rear lawn and well kept gardens by a high board fence entirely covered with flowering vines.

Now, after five years' absence, Miss Agatha's sojourn abroad had terminated suddenly and she reached home unexpectedly and unannounced.

The morning after her arrival she was walking through the garden near the unexpected asylum, when, without warning, a frightful uproar arose on the other side of the fence.

Miss Agatha stood in petrified amazement, wondering if bedlam had broken loose, then hastily crossing the lawn she knelt on a bench and peering aside the vines, looked through a hole in the fence. The sight that met her gaze brought a quick rush of anger. A mob of children of all ages were rushing from the great door of the immense structure which heretofore had been unoccupied and silent. Filling the air with clamorous shouts, they continued their mad race toward the building.

Miss Agatha's indignation found expression.

"What has Stephen Wray been doing with my property during my absence? How dare he?"

Peering through the hole again, she saw a mob of children

neath her—a red-haired, freckle-faced little creature who was industriously digging and patting the sand into grotesque shapes. While she worked a curly-haired boy with a lolly-pop in his hand drew near.

"Lo, Pat, building a fort!" he asked.

"Nope, castle." She looked up and caught him lovingly eyeing the striped beauty.

"What do you like?" he grinned. "Lolly-pops," promptly returned Pat.

"Hum, so do I," Billy sneaked.

"Give me a lolly!"

"Glorie be! Think you're going to suck all that pretty red stripes off? Guess not; I'm going to lap that myself," he grinned, sucking vigorously.

"Just one lolly, then?" Patty despaired.

Billy indignantly drew forth the candy from a sticky mouth and allowed her an instant's glance. She endeavored to make the intense concentration of her one privileged "lolly" serve for half a dozen. As the sweetmeat again disappeared she stamped her foot.

"Hop-pity!" she cried.

"Red-headed, freckle-faced pug-nose," he answered.

"Bah!" snorted Patty, in disdain. Her withering glance of contempt was equal to Miss Agatha's best effort and that watching lady actually smiled.

The snubbed Billy carefully opened wide his right hand and held it up before his face with the thumb resting against his nose.

Patty's reply to this insult was to thrust out to its full length her little red tongue. "I wouldn't have black eyes," she taunted.

Before he could retaliate the other boys discovered the lolly-pop and Billy was forced to flee, with the entire pack at his heels. Miss Agatha sank to the bench and laughed until the tears came, while over the fence pandemonium reigned. Would any of her aristocratic friends have recognized the stately Miss Agatha at this instant? It is

She held aside the vines and looked once more.

"I can't help it if my hair is red," Pat was scolding aloud, "and I just hate freckles—hate 'em worse'n castor oil!"

Miss Agatha had not forgotten her own childhood. Her appearance at that period of her life had been truly described by the term "skinny," an epithet which tormented companions hurled at her, galling her proud little spirit almost beyond endurance. Hence, there was a bond of sympathy between herself and the gingham-clad Patty squatting in the sand.

Billy had escaped his pursuers and, looking about for other worlds to conquer, he espied a solitary figure over by the pump. He sauntered that way, it was a small girl, perseveringly working the handle up and down, however, without visible results. Soon she placed her mouth close to the nose and called: "Ooo, Hoo, come on out!"

"Huh, think that will bring it?" grimaced Billy. He took the obstinate handle and soon a continuous stream of water was rushing forth. The child gave a cry of admiring wonder and gleefully proceeded to fill the numerous cans and bottles she had piled around the pump.

Miss Agatha's roaming eyes noted all this, then came back to rest on the absorbed Patty busily beautifying her castle.

Presently a gruff "baw" started her, while a grubby fist pushed over her shoulder the end of a lolly-pop with one red stripe still showing. She turned, and there stood a sheepish Billy, waiting to "make up."

Patty's happy smile and delighted "oh" simply repaid his sacrifice. "Let's go and see-saw," the volunteer, blithely jumping the grimacing Billy.

Although Billy declared "he don't know how to work a see-saw," he finally agreed, desiring to make every possible reparation for his former piggyback conduct.

For awhile all went well, then

Household Hints

Menu Hint.

BREAKFAST.
Stewed Apples Rolled Oats
Griddle Cakes with Maple Syrup
Bacon Coffee

LUNCHEON.
Beef Croquets
Cauliflower Salad
Whole Wheat Bread
Canned Peaches Feather Cake

DINNER.
Tomato Soup Boiled Halibut
Boiled White Potatoes
Spinach a la Bechamel
Sweet Pickled Peas
Norwegian Prune Pudding
Coffee

Recipes for a Day.

Beef Croquets—Any left-over meat may be used. Use quarter of a pound of lean boiling beef. Meat which has been placed about center in a dairy-like formation. Serve with mayonnaise.

Spinach a la Bechamel—Prepare one-half peck boiled spinach. Put three tablespoons butter in frying pan; when melted add chopped spinach with two tablespoons flour, stir thoroughly and add gradually three-quarters cup milk; cook five minutes.

Cook outside lettuce leaves, if they are not bruised, with the spinach, as they are a little too tough to be used for salad and otherwise would be thrown away. Save the water that the spinach has been boiled in and the next day heat it and season and bind with butter and four cooked together. This makes a delicious soup, and nourishing as well.

Meatless Mince Meat—(Nice for holiday use)—One peck apples, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one pound suet, one-quarter pound

IS JESUS A MYTH?

BY DR. JAMES I. VANCE.
(Founder of Inter-Church World Movement and Chairman Federal Council of Churches of America.)

Is Jesus of Nazareth a fact of history? If not, there are some things without an explanation.

The four Gospels are a fabrication and were invented to maintain and promote a lie. Is this believable? These Gospels abound in the sublimest moral teachings. They demand absolute fidelity between man and his fellow. They call for a life of unyielding probity. They frown on the slightest deviation from rectitude. They call not only for an honest life, but a clean heart. They expose the motives and investigate the secret processes of the soul, and brand as bad a life that cherishes so much as a desire for evil. Can it be possible that the world's sublimest moral plea is built on a lie? It is incredible.

If Jesus is a myth, the early Christians were deceived. There can be no doubt about the strength and sincerity of their belief. It was more than surmise and conjecture. It was conviction stronger than life itself. For the sake of this conviction they suffered the loss of all things—position, kindred, property, life itself. They went to the dungeon and the stake with a song on their lips. They made the sacrifice, not only without a murmur, but with an eagerness that cannot be explained without certitude. They had every opportunity to know whether they were being deceived. The evidence they saw could not be rejected in any court of justice. If they were deceived, it is not possible that they should have been so sure.

If Christ did not live as He is reported in the Gospels, the Christian church is without an explanation. The church is here. With all its virtues and its faults, it is here, an undeniable fact. Men may hold differing opinions about the Christian church, but no man can say it is a myth. Its record is an open book, and its influence is widespread. As well try to explain the American Revolution without the Declaration of Independence and the Revolutionary war as to explain the Christian church without its founder.

Can it be possible that all this is built on a lie? As well talk about the day without a sun or the night without waters of the deep or the forests without trees or seasons without life as to attempt to tell the story of the world today and deny Jesus.